

WEIRD ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS—THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE

PLANET



No.38

SEPT.

10¢

COMICS

The newest THRILL-FEATURE!

MYSTA of the MOON

*also LOST WORLD
STAR PIRATE SPACE RANGERS
~ and many others ~*



JEWEL OF DESTINY

By GAROLD S. HATFIELD

HUNT BOWMAN stretched lazily, the loose muscles of his superb body sliding beneath bronzed skin. Close at hand, Lyssa fluffed her drying hair, fingering waves into the sleek blonde tresses. She smiled at Hunt.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Still worried because the Volta men have disappeared?"

Hunt Bowman frowned, fingered the smooth shaft of his great bow. "I don't like it," he admitted. "Those devils aren't the kind to give up; they're up to some trickery."

He rolled onto his back, watched the bits of blue sky that appeared where the original roof of the ancient home had given way before the wear of wind and rain.

"Three hours ago, there were enough Volta men in the ruins of New York to make life interesting for me and my bow. Now there isn't one left; all have gone in those space ships that brought them. I tell you, Lyssa, I don't like it."

"Oh, they've probably just gone to another part of the country. After all, we're but two people to fight them; somewhere there may be hundreds of humans still fighting in force."

Hunt Bowman shook his dark head, sat up suddenly, hearing the slight noise coming from the next room. So swiftly did an arrow come to his fingers and his bow draw, Lyssa barely had time to glance about, before he was ready to shoot, his keen gaze sighting the arrow into the narrow gap of the doorway.

Then he relaxed, the bow loosening, arrow coming free.

"It is Lobo," Lyssa said. "Come here, fella!"

The great hunting dog glided through the doorway, only the

rustle of his feet and the slight click of nails in the stillness to prove that he was more than a drifting shadow.

An object dropped from his mouth, rolled glittering to the floor, and he came forward, squatted, head outthrust for the gentle caress he knew the slim girl would give him.

"Nice dog," Lyssa said. "Been hunting Volta men again?"

Hunt Bowman grinned, reached out a tanned hand to pick up the object Lobo had dropped. His mouth nursed in a soundless whistle, and he held the object in a shaft of sunlight so that the blonde girl might see.

"Pretty, eh!" he said admiringly. "A jewelled headband."

"Oh, it's lovely," Lyssa cried. "Let me see it."

Hunt handed her the headband, smiling at her feminine exclamations. "Years ago," he said, "when many people lived on Earth, jewels were very valuable. Now—" He swept his arm in a circle. "—you can have your choice of everything on Earth, and they mean absolutely nothing."

"Oh, no, you're wrong," Lyssa said. "Anybody, any time, would like something like this."

He held up the wide band made of fine gold links, set with one great blazing diamond, spun it in the light, sent bits of brilliance dancing about the room.

"I shall wear it," she said suddenly, and fastened it about her head.

"Go ahead," Hunt Bowman agreed good-naturedly. "As for me, and this scavenging Lobo, we're going to hunt for some food for tonight."

He came lithely to his feet, went toward the door. His shoulders were wide against the

light, and his leather harness set off his great physique.

He heard Lobo growl.

He whirled then, spinning about with an instinctive speed that threw him five feet to one side before he came to rest. He heard the weird snarl of Lobo, the slight gasp of Lyssa—and then the brittle *spaang* of her knife clattering against the wall—driving directly through the space where his back had been. "Lyssa!" he gasped in amazement.

But already the blonde girl was backing away, hate flaming redly in her eyes.

"We'll kill you yet," she whispered, and was gone through a doorway that led toward the back of the house.

For one paralyzed moment Hunt Bowman could not move. Then he sprang forward, called the girl's name, trying to fathom the incredible change that had come over her in a few brief seconds.

"Lobo!" he snapped. "Follow her!"

The great dog was like a blur of shadow racing through the house as he followed the fleeing girl. He ran silently, making no sound, and his eyes were slitted like those of a foraging wolf.

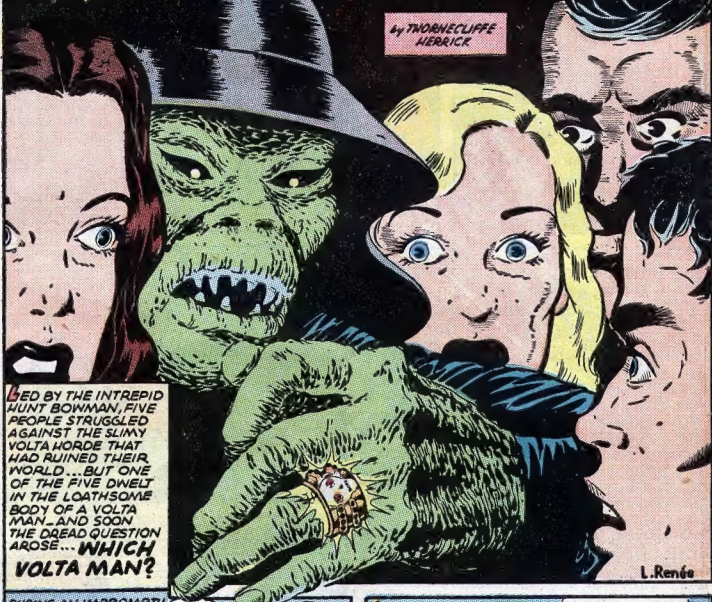
Behind him came Hunt, running with every bit of speed at his command, bewilderment in his mind, a dull anguish in his heart. Never had he thought to see Lyssa turn traitor to him.

The dog and he burst into the sunlight, saw the fleeing figure of the girl racing down the deserted street, saw her turn a corner, disappear into a cross street. Seconds later, they too rounded the corner—and instant

(turn to page 33)

THE **Zest** WORLD

by THORNECLIFFE
HERRICK

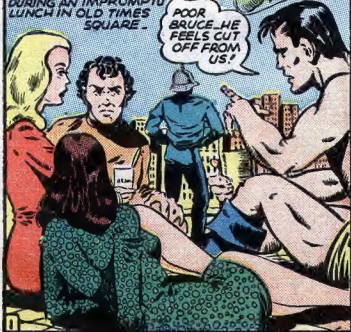


LEDED BY THE INTREPID HUNT BOWMAN, FIVE PEOPLE STRUGGLED AGAINST THE SLIMY VOLTA HORDE THAT HAD RUINED THEIR WORLD... BUT ONE OF THE FIVE DWELT IN THE LOATHSOME BODY OF A VOLTA MAN... AND SOON THE DREAD QUESTION AROSE... **WHICH VOLTA MAN?**

L. Renée

DURING AN IMPROMPTU LUNCH IN OLD TIMES SQUARE -

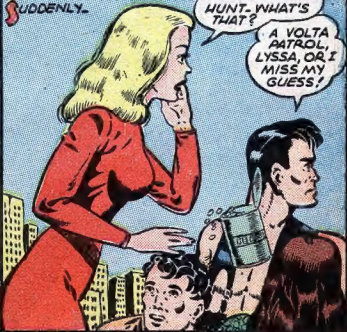
POOR BRUCE... HE FEELS CUT OFF FROM US!

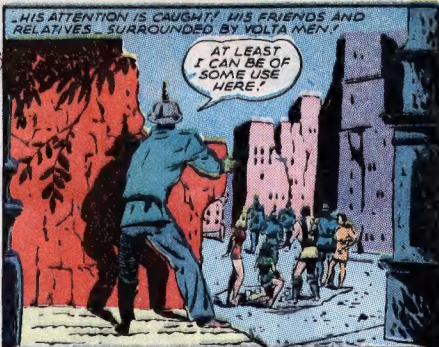


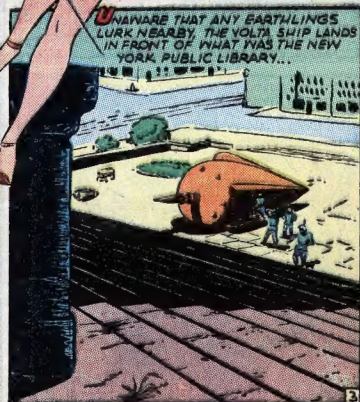
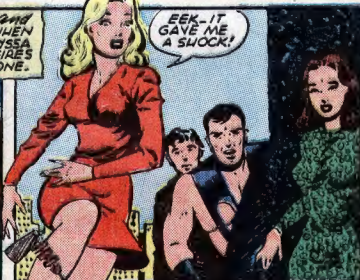
SUDDENLY...

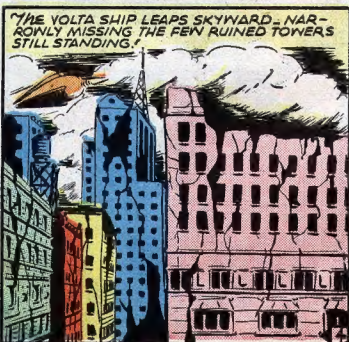
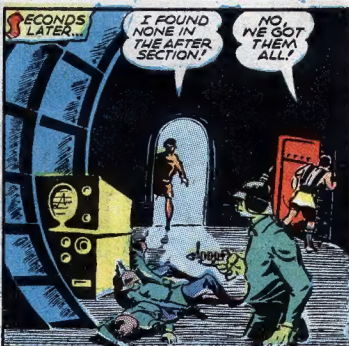
HUNT - WHAT'S THAT?

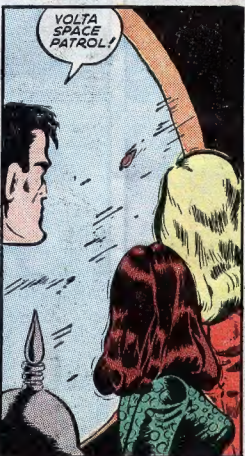
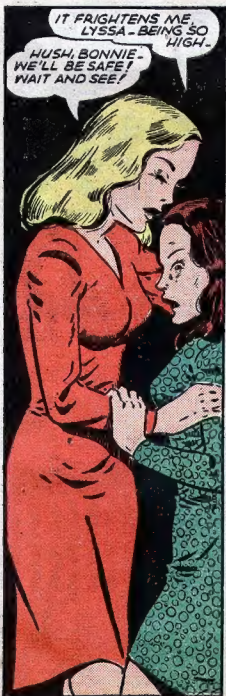
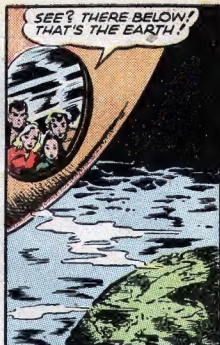
A VOLTA PATROL, LYSSA, OR I MISS MY GUESS!

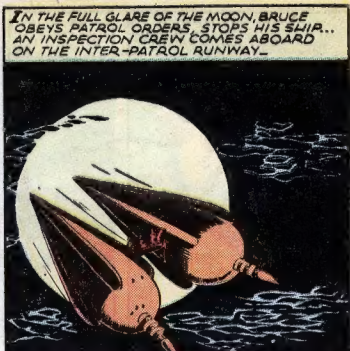


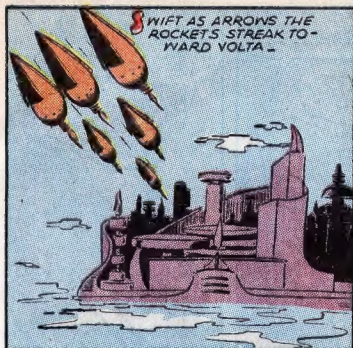










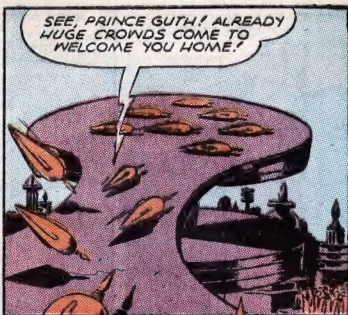


SWIFT AS ARROWS THE
ROCKETS STREAK TO-
WARD VOLTA -



MY
FATHER -

THE PRODIGAL
SON RETURNS -
HE SHOULD
ONLY KNOW!



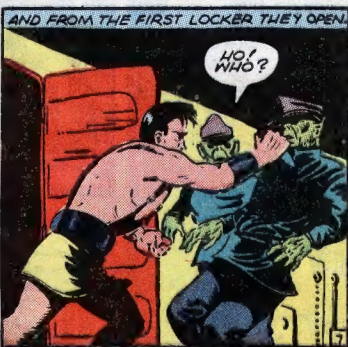
SEE, PRINCE GUTH! ALREADY
HUGE CROWDS COME TO
WELCOME YOU HOME!



GUTH, MY SON!
I FEARED YOU
WERE DEAD!



MEANWHILE, VOLTA INSPECTORS SEARCH
THE PATROL ROCKETS FOR POSSIBLE
DAMAGES RECEIVED IN DUTY.



AND FROM THE FIRST LOCKER THEY OPEN

HO!
WHO?

IN BRIEF SECONDS, THE
OUTNUMBERED EARTH PEOPLE
ARE TAKEN—



WHAT MEANS THIS, MY
SON—EARTH CREATURES
ON YOUR SHIP?

IN MY JOY, FATHER,
I DID NOT TELL YOU
...THEY MY PRISON-
ERS ARE!



THEN THEY ARE A
GIFT TO ME, SON? YOU
RECALLED MY
EXPERIMENTS ON
HUMANS!

Y. YES,
FATHER...

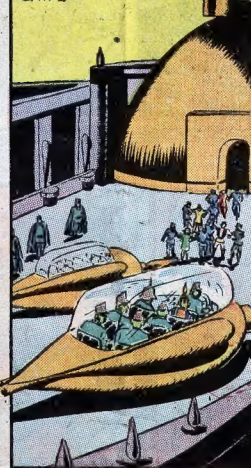
NOW
WHAT?



TO OUR LABORATORY
ON GRA THEN COME!
WE WILL DISSECT
THEM AND OUR
STUDIES CONTINUE.

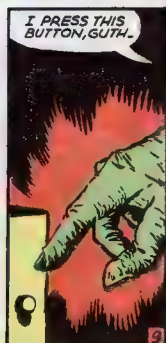
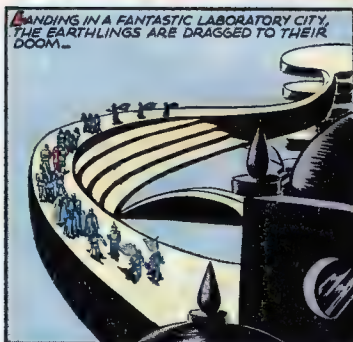
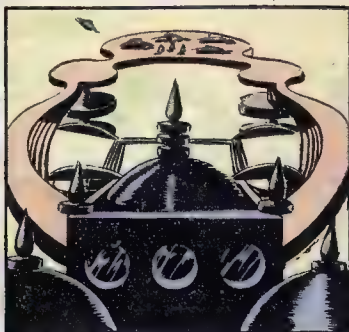


HELPLESS, THE EARTH ONES
STUMBLE TO ANOTHER
SHIP—



AND TAKE OFF—ON THEIR
LAST FLIGHT—







Gale Allen

By DOUGLAS
MCKEE

GALE IS VERY BORED WITH DRIVING THE DOCTOR AND THE PROFESSOR ENDLESSLY THROUGH SPACE...

WHEN WILL THEY TIRE OF EXPLORING?

OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT?

DOC! PROF! WE'VE ADOPTED A METEOR!

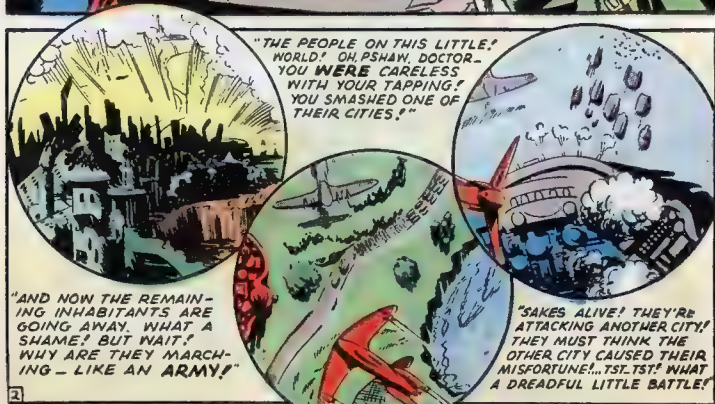
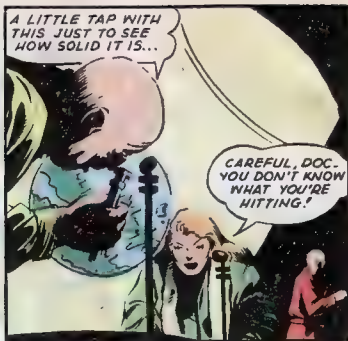
H'M-YES... IT'S TAKEN AN ORBIT AROUND US!

BUT, MY DEAR SIR, THAT'S MOST UNUSUAL.

I'LL STEP OUT AND SEE IF I CAN CAPTURE IT!

WH-WHY, HOW STRANGE! IT-IT'S WET.

FRAN ICHT





A MOMENT OF ROARING DIZZINESS... AND THEN...

PHEW! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER!... WHAT-EVER IT WAS WH-WHY, DOC-PROF? WHERE ARE WE?

I CAN'T IMAGINE, GALE... SEEMS TO BE A BIG BRASS BOWL AND... OOPS!... DON'T KNOW HOW WE CAN GET OUT OF IT!

YOU'LL GET OUT WHEN I SAY SO!... ARE YOU THE ONES WHO HAVE BEEN TRYING TO DESTROY THE WORLD OF MICRALIA?

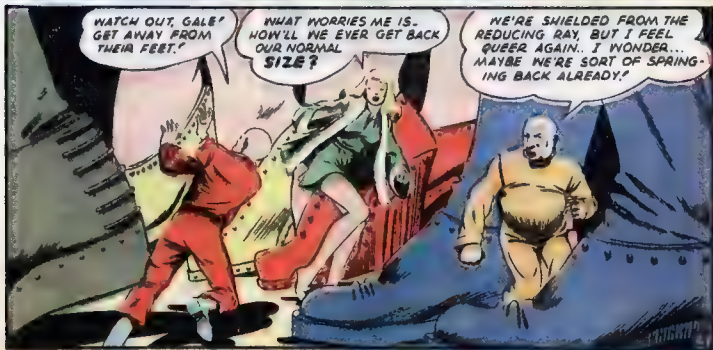
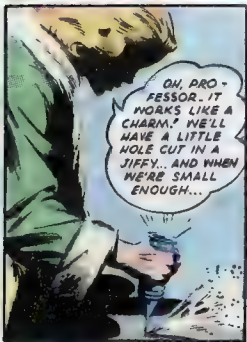
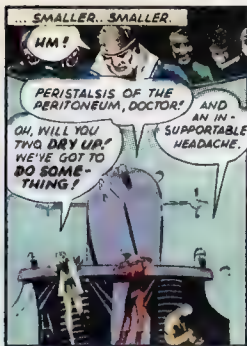
HEAVENS, NO! WE WERE JUST...

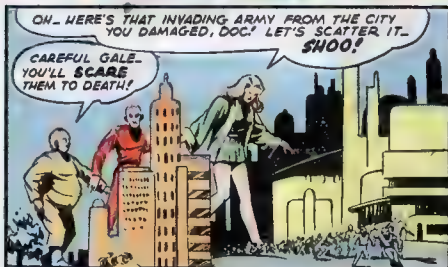
SO! YOU WERE JUST PLAYING WITH A WORLD THAT SEEMED TOO SMALL TO FIGHT BACK... BUT YOU WERE WRONG! WE DEVELOPED THIS ATOMIC REDUCIFIER FOR JUST SUCH BULLIES AS YOU! NOW, WE CAN'T GROW ANY BIGGER, BUT, IF YOU WANT TO GROW BACK TO YOUR REGULAR SIZE, YOU MUST PROMISE TO DESTROY THAT OTHER CITY YOU HIT FIRST... AND ITS ARMIES NOW ATTACKING US!

INDEED, WE'LL DO NO SUCH THING! WE ARE NOT BULLIES!

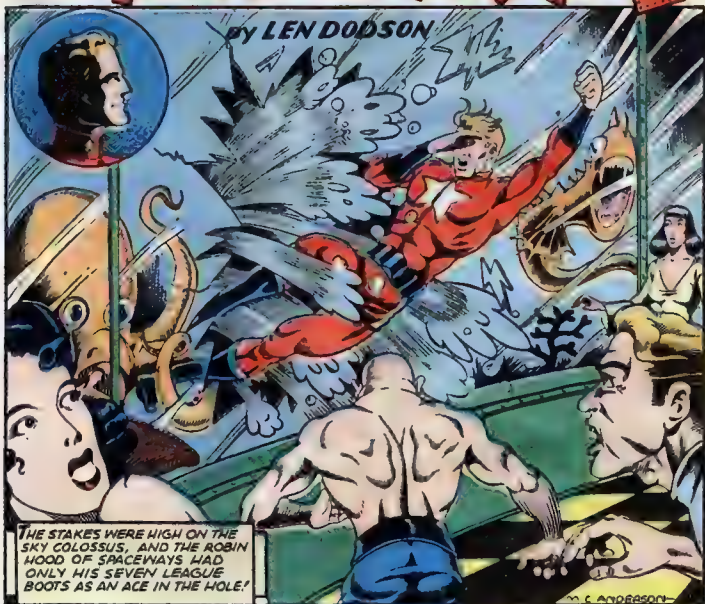
YES, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND... HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THIS?

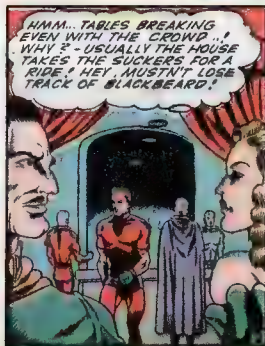
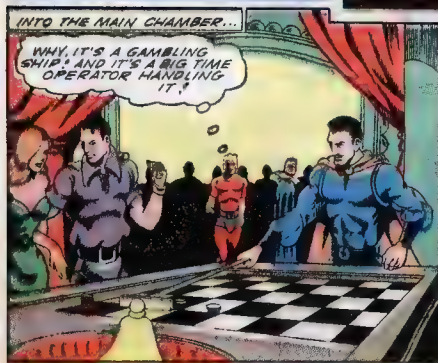
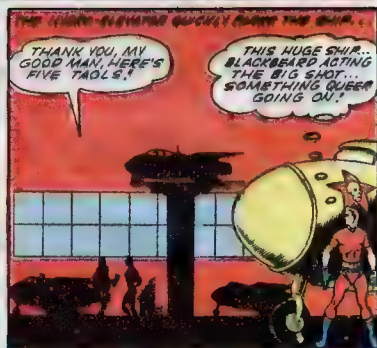
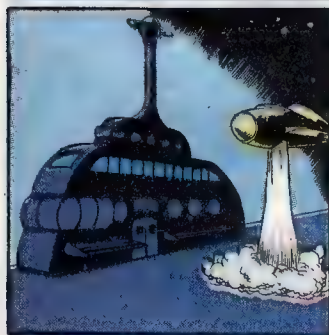
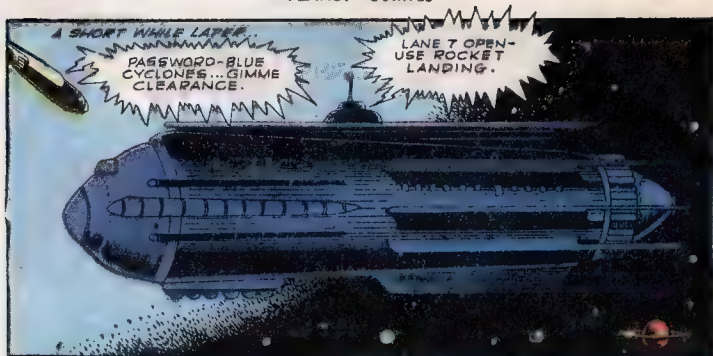
TURN ON THE REDUCIFIER! PERHAPS AFTER THEY'VE SHRUNK SOME MORE THEY'LL THINK DIFF-ERENTLY!

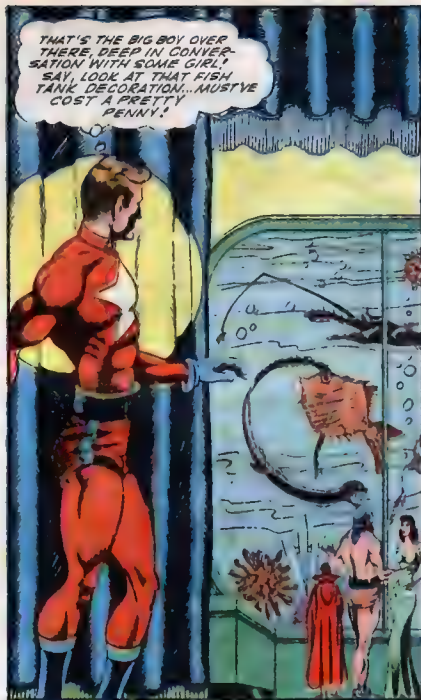


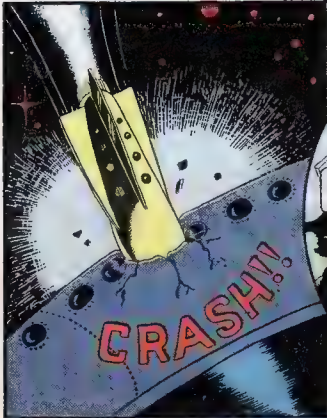
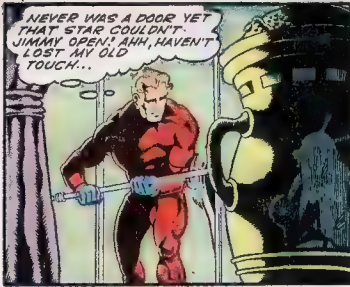


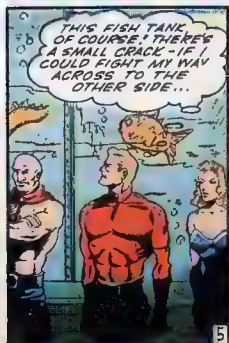
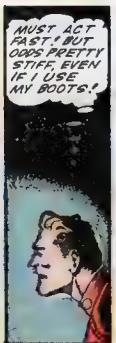
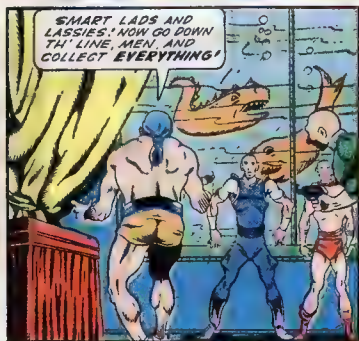
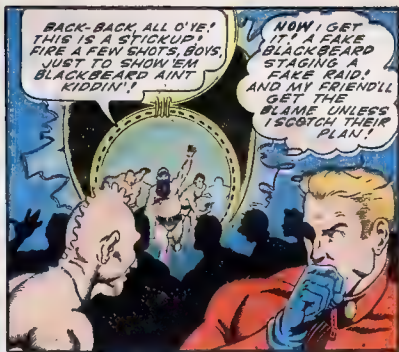
STAR PIRATE

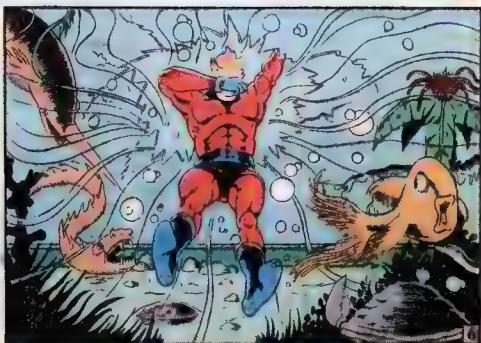
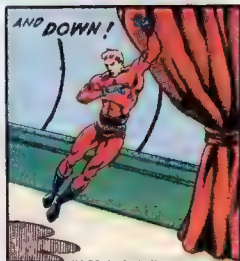
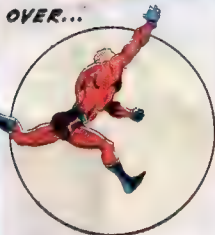


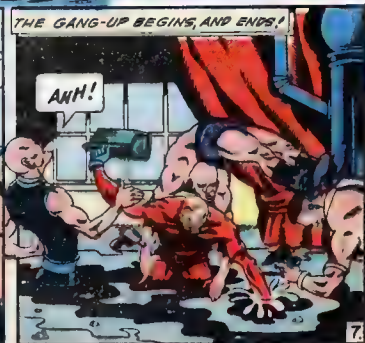
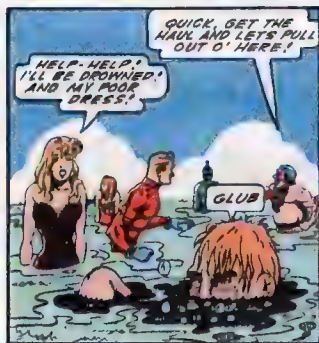
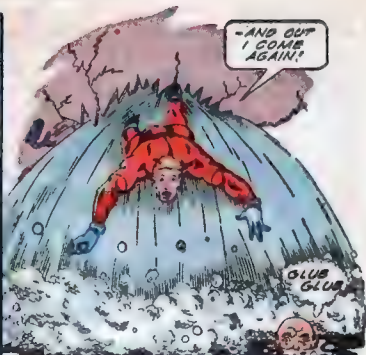


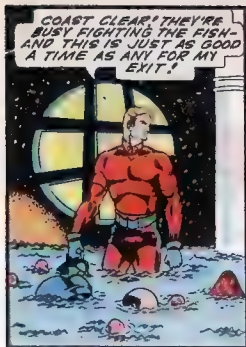




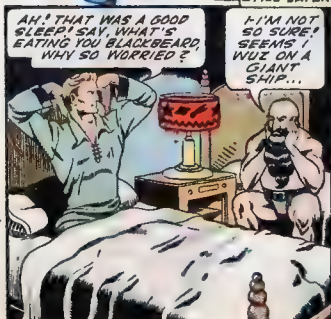








STILL LATER...



THEN I MET THIS OAL, AN... THAT'S ALL! SOMEBODY CONKED ME, AN' EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!

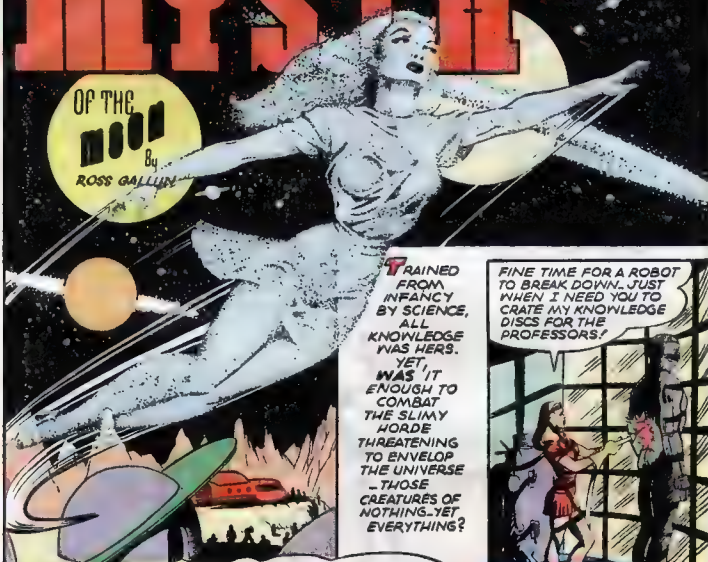
AW, YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING.



STAR PIRATE IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!

MYSTA

OF THE
MOON
By
ROSS GALLUM



TRAINED FROM INFANCY BY SCIENCE, ALL KNOWLEDGE WAS MINE. YET, WAS IT ENOUGH TO COMBAT THE SLIMY HORDE THREATENING TO ENVELOP THE UNIVERSE...THOSE CREATURES OF NOTHING-YET EVERYTHING?

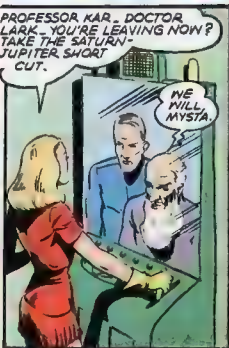
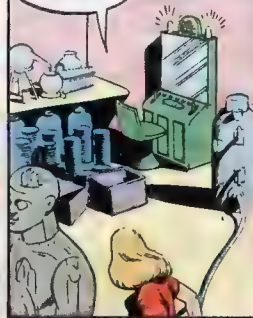
MY DISCS RECORD ALL KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE IN THE UNIVERSE...THE PROFESSORS CAN SPREAD LEARNING ALL OVER...OH...MY NEO-SCREEN BUZZER!

FINE TIME FOR A ROBOT TO BREAK DOWN. JUST WHEN I NEED YOU TO CRATE MY KNOWLEDGE DISCS FOR THE PROFESSORS!



PROFESSOR KAR - DOCTOR LARK - YOU'RE LEAVING NOW? TAKE THE SATURN - JUPITER SHORT CUT.

WE WILL, MYSTA.

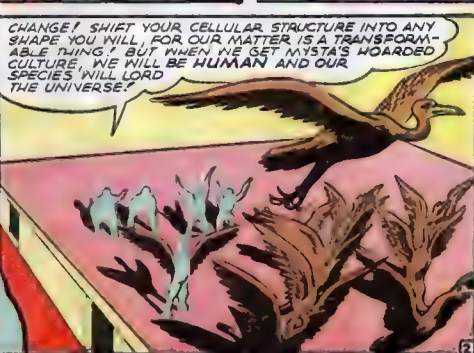


Frank Miller



MEANWHILE, ON AN EVEN STRANGER PLANET...

CLEVER OF US TO POST A MAN OUTSIDE MYSTA'S WINDOW. AND SHE THINKS IT'S A VINE! THE UNIVERSE WILL LEARN TO FEAR US!



THE HUGE PELICO-BIRDS, LATELY METAMORPHOSED FROM BLOBS OF UNDETERMINED MATTER, SOAR INTO THE ENDLESS VOID.



WHERE ON THE SATURN-JUPITER ROUTE—

THOSE SPECKS—TINY ASTEROIDS, PERHAPS?

NO! GIANT BIRDS—COMING AT US!



LOOK! THEY'VE ATTACHED THEIR SUCTIONED- FEET TO THE HULL! THEIR WINGS KEEP US ALOFT! OUR SPEED IS CUT!



WHAT MANNER OF BEIRD—

DON'T TALK! FIGHT!



CAN'T FIGHT. C-CAN'T—THEY'RE CHOKING ME—AND CHANGING FORM—



THE BIRDS REVERT TO ORIGINAL PROTOZOA-MAN FORM... CRUELLY THEY TOSS ASIDE THE DEAD—

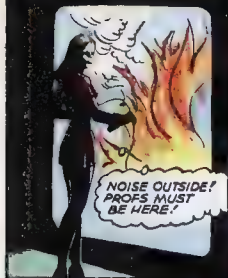


—AND THEN THEIR BODY CELLS PROJECT ANOTHER CHANGE... NOW THEY RESEMBLE THEIR SCHOLARLY VICTIMS?

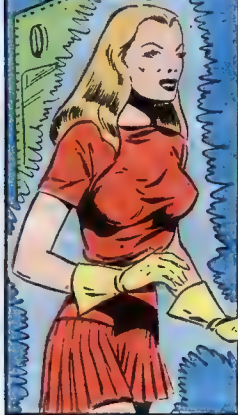
MYSTA WILL NEVER GUESS—



AT THE MOON LAB, MYSTA WELDS FINE WIRE TO REPAIR HER ROBOT, WHEN -



BUT INSTEAD OF A FRIENDLY HAND, THE "PROFESSOR" THRUSTS FORTH A PARALYZING RAY! MYSTA IS ROOTED TO THE SPOT!

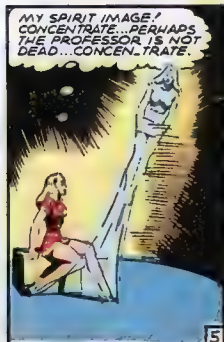


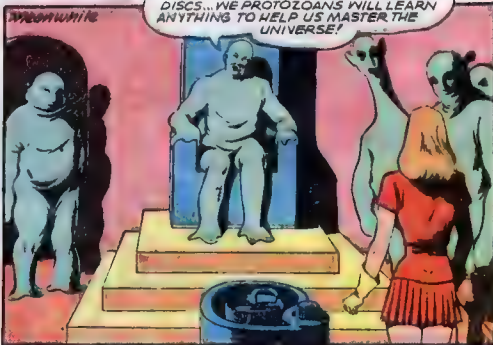
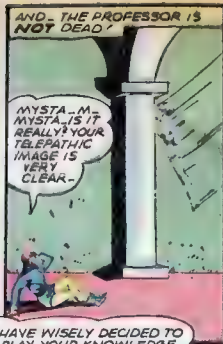
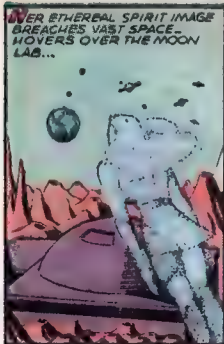
BUT MYSTA IS POWERLESS, EVEN TO SAVE HER ROBOT FROM DESTRUCTION IN THE FURNACE -

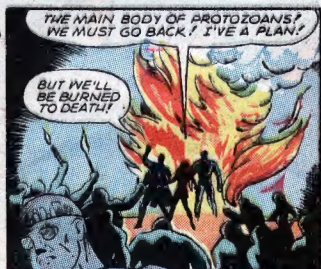


THEIR LOOTING COMPLETED, THE RAIDERS MAGNETIZE MYSTA TO FOLLOW SUD- DENLY









WORKING AGAINST TIME AND ROARING FLAMES, MYSTA SETS UP HER DISC-PLAYER -

THE AMPLIFIER'S SET TO HIGHEST PITCH!



MYSTA'S WORDS FILL THEIR RECEPTIVE EARS -

"MOTHS - MOTHS - YOU ARE MOTHS!"



OUTSIDE, THE PROTOZOANS DON ANTI-FLAME SUITS, WHEN

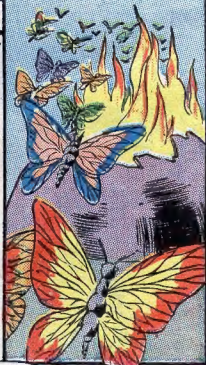
LISTEN - THAT STRANGE MUSIC - OVER AND OVER -



AND OVER - UNTIL PROTOZOA MEN STAND SILENTLY, HYPNOTIZED, AS FAR AS EYE CAN SEE -

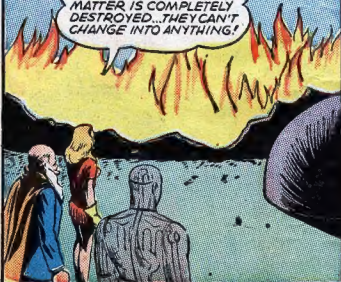


AND AS MOTHS HAVE DONE THROUGH AEONS OF TIME, THEY SEEK THE FLAME -

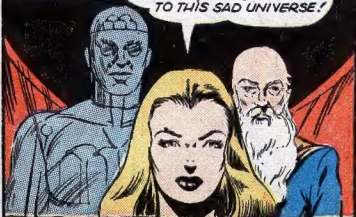


GORGEOUS WINGS, SLEEK BODIES, FINISH IN A GREAT SPURT OF FIRE -

NOW THEIR CELLULAR MATTER IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED - THEY CAN'T CHANGE INTO ANYTHING!



THE THINGS I MEET ARE STRANGE INDEED, PROFESSOR - BAFFLING - FRIGHTENING! AND YET I CANNOT ABANDON MY TASK - TO BRING PEACE, AND CULTURE TO THIS SAD UNIVERSE!



Mysta appears in each issue of PLANET COMICS!

WAR BONDS BRING SOLDIERS HOME SOONER - **BUY!**

reflex threw them into concealment.

For ahead, walking now, was Lyssa—going toward the small space ship of the Volta men that was parked in the shade of a towering tree.

"Quiet, Lobo," Hunt whispered, and his bow lifted in his hands.

The great dog went belly-flat on the cracked pavement, watching with feral eyes the corpse-like figures of the three Volta men who waited for the girl to approach.

The Volta men's voices came clearly.

"It worked, as I told you it would, Karn," the first said. "There is no female living who can resist jewelry. How she got the thought-band, I do not know; but I do know that with her here, that Earth giant will walk squarely into a trap."

The second weird creature snarled. "Shut up, you fool! I told you that my thought-projector showed she was with him when she put on the headband. She tried to kill him, and barely escaped when he evaded the blade she threw."

Lyssa came to a full stop before the three unearthly creatures, stood like a statue, held in thrall by the great blazing jewel flaring on her pale forehead. She did not wince as one of the foul creatures slid his leathery hand along her smooth arm.

"She is pretty," he said. "Perhaps I shall take her for my wife."

Hunt Bowman came to his knees, nocking an arrow, drawing the slim shaft back until the fletching touched his ear. Hate was in his eyes and heart then, a burning hatred of these monstrosities that ravaged a fallen Earth.

And Lobo growled again.

Hunt's breath escaped in a single brief sign of regret, for he saw the other three Volta men coming from a deserted building. No matter how great his skill with the longbow was, he knew that he could not overcome six Volta men before they

could slay the blonde girl who stood so helplessly before them.

"So you captured one," the first of the new Volta men said, laughing. "Good; now we can force the other to give himself up."

He struck Lyssa across her face, knocking her to one side. "That's for helping slay many of my friends," he said viciously. He lurched forward, dropping his ray-gun, stretching talon like fingers to strangle the girl who was just coming erect.

"Enough!" the leader of the Volta men cried. "Kill her, and I shall hang your head in my trophy room."

Hunt stood then, hiding in the shadows of the wall, and he knew the thing he had to do. Never had his skill with his longbow been so terribly tested; and he knew that he would be permitted but one shot.

He nocked a slim arrow, checking the feathered end for any flaws, using an arrow with the slim point of a bird arrow. Muscles rippled in his shoulders and back, and his wrist seemed to grow larger as he pulled the might of his strength against the weight of the bow. Slowly the arrow came sliding back, until at last it was at full draw, fletching to his ear, his keen eyes sighting for a target that glittered full upon Lyssa's soft brow.

"Get 'em, Lobo," he snapped, and the great hunting dog leaped into full flight, a growl of rage rippling from his taut throat.

A Volta man screamed in excitement, and heads turned to watch the dog plunging squarely at them.

Hunt Bowman loosed the slim shaft of vengeance from his fingers, had nocked and drawn another before the first was halfway to its mark. And he sent a third on its way without hesitation, the three hissing through the air as though they were pencil marks against the clearness of the air.

And the first cleaved its target.

It struck, and the clear brittle cracking of a diamond rose high

in the air, and the arrow fled across Lyssa's forehead, tearing the jewel and its band away in a flash of light.

A Volta man screamed, then paped blindly at the second arrow which skewered his face. A third half-turned, then dropped with the feathered shaft of the third thrusting from his side.

"It's the Earthman, slay him," the leader of the Volta men screamed.

And died.

For without the control of the great hypnotic jewel, Lyssa was again herself. Instantly, she leaped forward, caught up the fallen gun, turned the hell of its discharge like a water-hose upon the four Volta men still living.

And then the Volta men were dead, and Hunt was running to her side.

"Are you all right?" he cried, and she nodded dazedly.

"Oh, Hunt," she said. "I tried to kill you; I couldn't do anything I wanted to do. I—"

"I know," he said, kicked at the broken headband which glittered dully in the dust. "They hypnotized you with that jewel." He grinned. "I should have told you jewelry, especially a diamond, was bad luck."

"It's Lobo's fault," Lyssa said. "He brought the band with him."

They turned at the growl from the great dog's throat, saw him pulling something along the street.

"He's getting the retrieving habit too much," Hunt Bowman said. "I'll have to break him of it."

"But later—" he finished, seeing the food pack the dog had pulled from the doorway of the ship. "Right now, he has the right idea."

"Right!" Lyssa said, and shivered when she saw the jeweled headband on the ground. "You know, if that were an apple," she said slowly.

"What?" Hunt Bowman said, lifting the food pack.

"Nothing," Lyssa said, smiled into his face. "Nothing at all."

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